

ALL IN COLOUR - MAKES LEARNING A JOY

Once Upon a Time

EVERY WEDNESDAY

No. 31 • 13th September 1969

PRICE 1/3



The ENCHANTED HORSE



This is a world-famous story, taken from the Book of The Arabian Nights, a collection of old stories from India, Persia and Egypt. For hundreds of years these tales have been told to children by parents. Today, readers are still thrilled by them.



1. Once upon a time there lived a great King in Persia. He was loved by his people because he was good and kind. The pride of his life was his handsome son Prince Fironz, who was always beside him wherever he went.



2. One day a great feast was held and clever men came from all over the Kingdom to amuse and entertain the King and his court. Some were magicians, some musicians, and when they had ended their shows the King rewarded them well.

3. It was towards the end of the day and the King was beginning to feel tired, when there entered an Indian, leading a black horse with a white mane. The Indian smiled craftily as he bowed to the King. He was in fact a wicked magician.



4. "I know that you have seen many wonders today, Your Majesty," said the Indian magician. "But nothing has been shown you today that is half so wonderful as my horse." The King stroked his beard and shook his head.

5. "I have seen thousands of horses," he said. "Apart from the fact that I have never seen a black horse with a white mane, what is so special about your steed?" The stranger chuckled. "It is a horse that flies, Your Majesty," he replied.

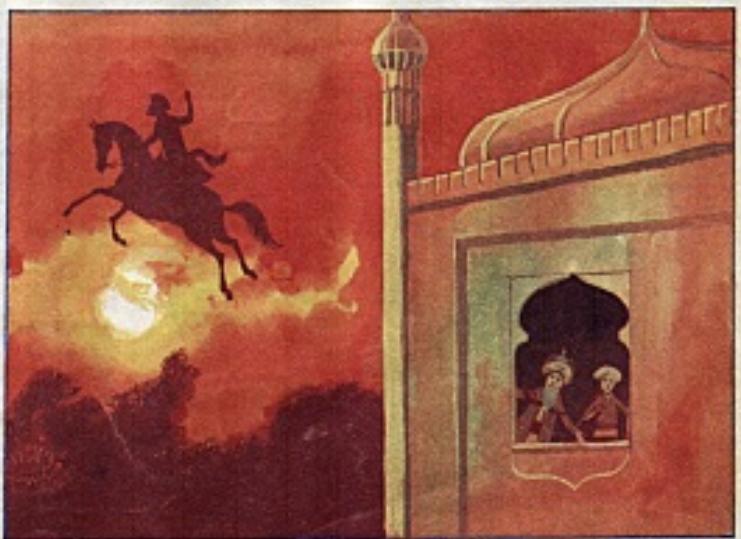


6. The King's eyes opened as wide as saucers and he gasped with astonishment. "A horse that flies!" he repeated. "That is indeed a wonder of wonders." Prince Fironz had been watching the Indian and thought he looked too cunning to be trusted.

7. All the other magicians and performers were amazed by the Indian magician's words. "If the Indian speaks the truth," said one of them who was a magician, "the King will never want to see us again." Great tears rolled down his cheeks.



8. The Indian boasted that the horse could carry him across the skies to any part of the world. "Very well," said the King. "Then fly to yonder mountain and as proof that you have been there, bring me back a branch from one of the palm-trees."



9. The Indian touched a peg in the horse's neck and the animal sprang through an open window and soared into the air. The Indian laughed loudly and waved to the King and his son. Prince Fironz frowned. "I do not like that man," he said.

More about the wonderful Enchanted Horse next week.

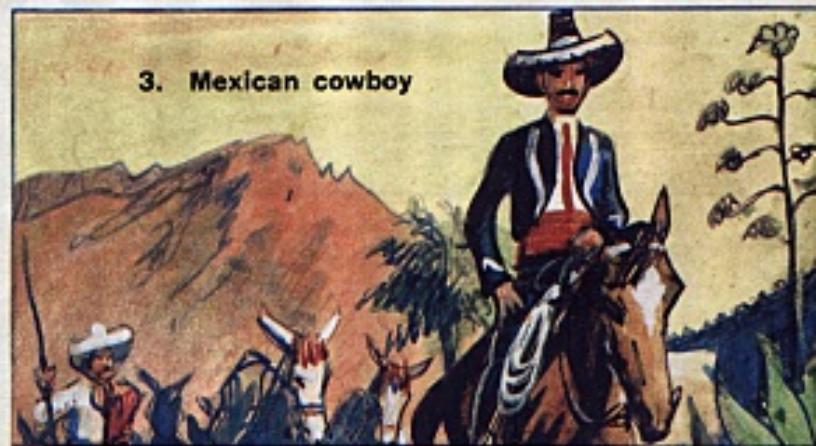
1. Show-jumper



2. Roman soldier

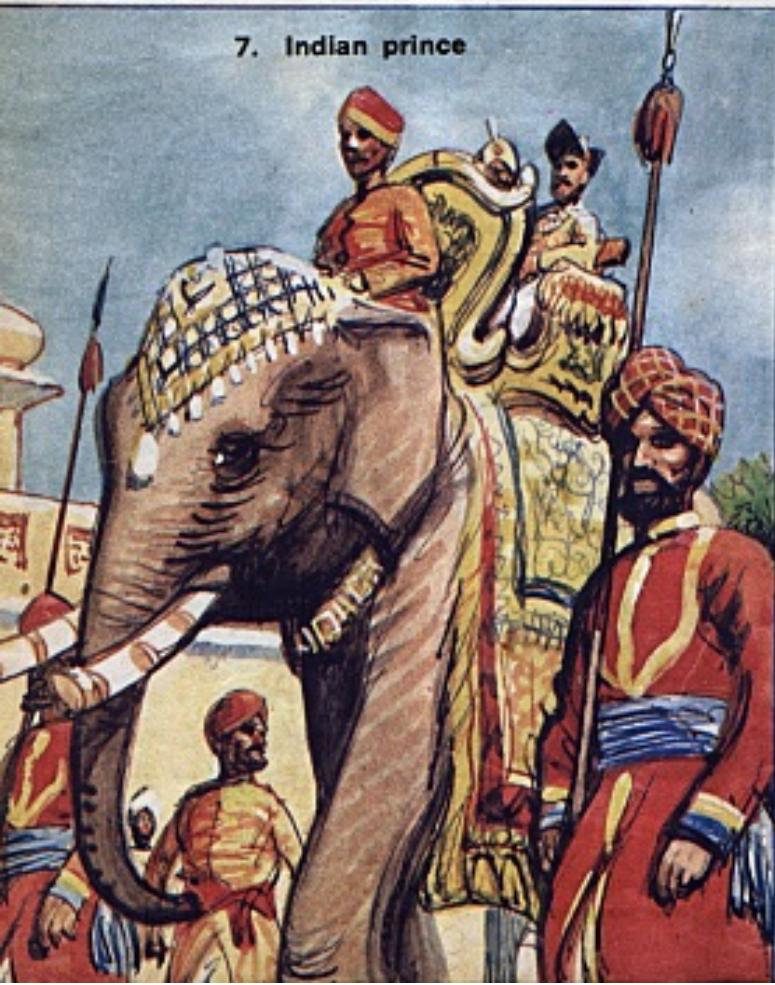


3. Mexican cowboy

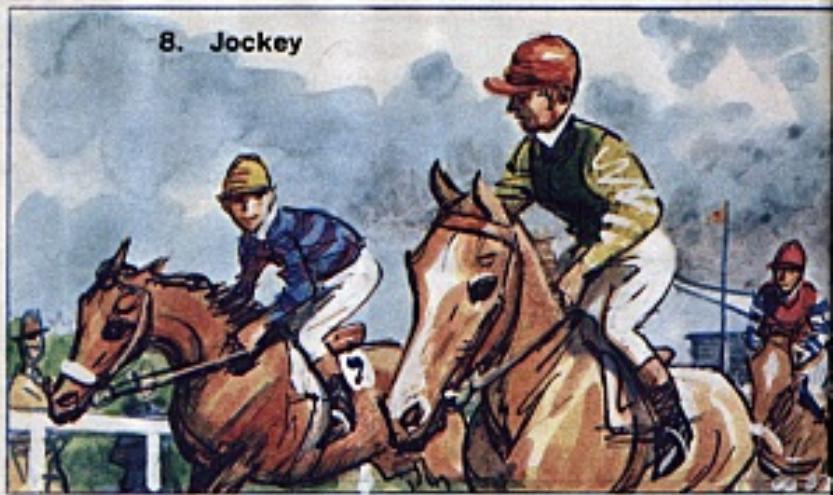


These are our "Allsorts" pages. Each week, we show you different kinds of things.
THIS WEEK:

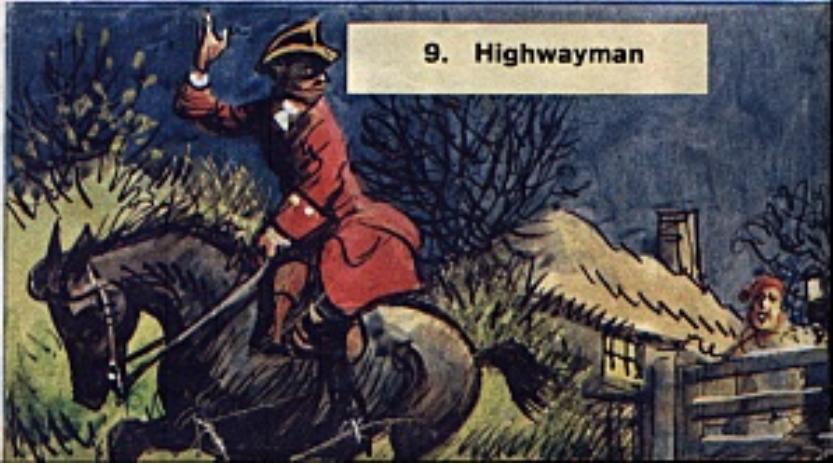
7. Indian prince



8. Jockey



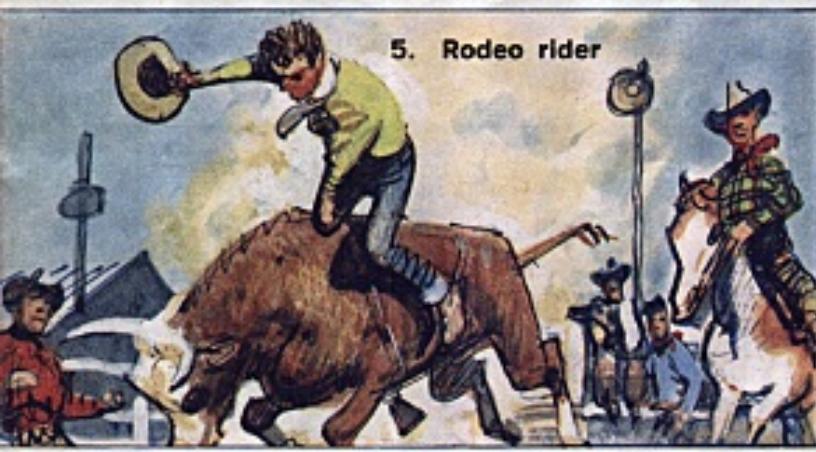
9. Highwayman



All Sorts of



4. Russian Cossack

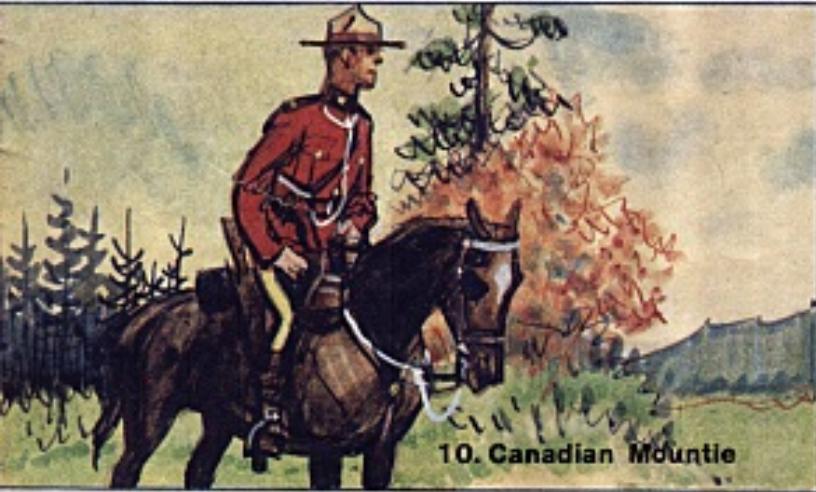


5. Rodeo rider

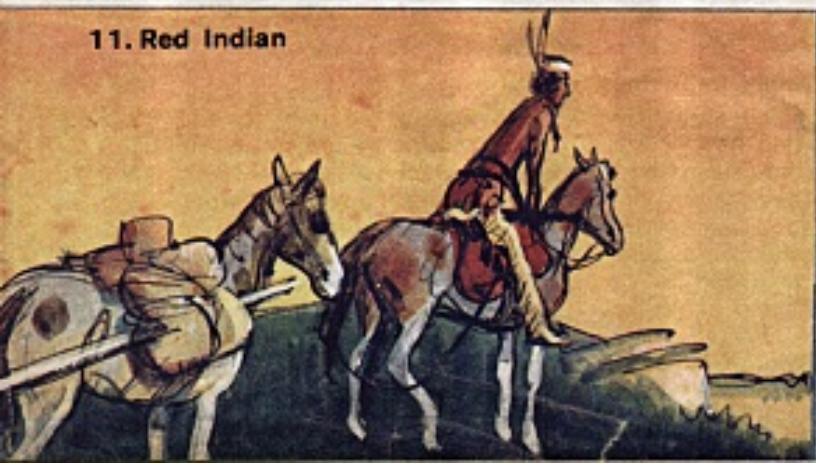


6. Knight in armour

Different Riders



10. Canadian Mountie



11. Red Indian



12. Arab



BRER RABBIT

A story about the little rabbits. By Barbara Hayes.

NOW I think I have mentioned before that Brer Rabbit had some little children. But have I told you how well behaved they were?

Brer Rabbit's children always obeyed their Daddy and Mummy.

When Brer Rabbit said "Go to bed!"—they went to bed. In the picture you see them all in bed together. There is Brer Rabbit in the doorway saying "Good-night."

And when Mrs. Rabbit said "Go to school!"—they went to school.

They kept their clothes clean and they didn't get their faces dirty all day long.

They were really good children and it was just as well that they were, because if they hadn't been, then one day there would have been no little rabbits left at all.

You see, one day Brer Fox happened to drop in at Brer Rabbit's house, and as

bad luck would have it, only the little rabbits were at home.

Brer Rabbit was out shopping and Mrs. Rabbit was at a knitting party.

Well, along came Brer Fox and he looked at the plump little rabbits as they played leap-frog in a field and he just longed to gobble them up for his tea, but he was rather afraid of what the other animals might say.

"I must get the little rabbits to do some-

thing naughty, so that I have an excuse for gobbling them up," he thought.

So Brer Fox, he thought and thought, and by and by he saw a big stick of sugar cane standing in the corner.

Brer Fox cleared his throat and said in a mighty biggity voice :

"Now then, young rabbits, break me off a piece of that sugar cane."

The little rabbits, they pulled down the sugar cane, they did, and they wrestled with it and puffed and panted over it, but it was no use. They couldn't break it.

And Brer Fox, he kept calling out, "Why are you keeping me waiting? Hurry up with that sugar cane."

And the little rabbits, they struggled and hustled, but they couldn't break the sugar cane.

But, by and by, they heard their little friend, the bird, singing on top of their house and this was his song :

"Take your toothies and gnaw it.
Take your toothies and saw it.
Saw it and gnaw it,
And then you can break it."

The good little rabbits took the bird's advice and they gnawed away at the sugar cane, until almost before Brer Fox could get his legs uncrossed, they had given him a piece of the sugar cane.

Brer Fox couldn't be cross with the little rabbits for not giving him sugar

cane, so he had to think of something else.

By and by Brer Fox saw the garden sieve, so he shouted out:

"Come here, little rabbits! Take this sieve and run down to the spring and fetch me some water!"

The little rabbits they ran down to the spring and tried to carry some water in the sieve but, of course, the water kept running away through the holes.

By and by the little rabbits sat down and began to cry.

Then the same little bird sat in a nearby tree and began to sing this song :

*"The sieve will hold water, the same as
a tray,
If you fill it with moss and dab it with
clay.
The fox will get crosser the longer
you stay,
Fill it with moss and dab it with clay."*

The little rabbits were delighted. In a few moments they had fixed the sieve so that they could carry water in it and had taken a lovely drink of spring water up to Brer Fox.

Brer Fox was really mad, I can tell you, because now he had no reason at all to say that the little rabbits deserved to be eaten.

And then luckily Brer Rabbit came home. "Golly, I had better go before Brer

Rabbit catches me with one of his tricks," thought Brer Fox—so off he raced.

And all the good little rabbits were safe and sound for another day.

I will tell you some more about Brer Rabbit next week.

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AND TOMORROW
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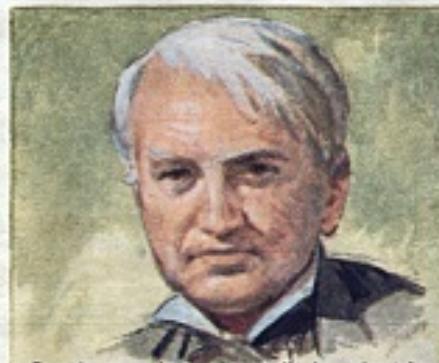
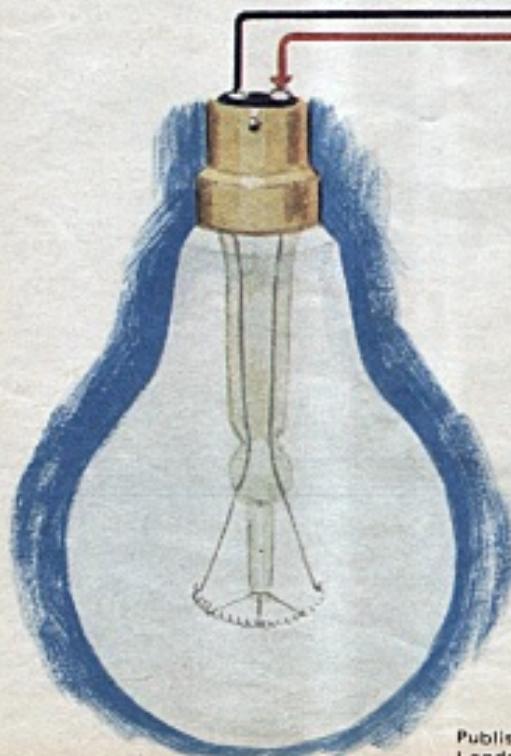


The Electric Light Bulb



Have you ever wondered why an electric light bulb lights up when you turn on a light switch in a room? Well, we can explain very simply how it happens with the help of these pictures. First of all, take a look at the big picture of the light bulb below. Do you see that piece of thin, coiled wire inside the bulb?

The wire is called a filament, and it is made from a metal called tungsten. When you switch on the light, a current of electricity travels through the flex into the bulb to the filament. The electricity at once makes the filament glow white-hot, and the room is lit up at the press of a switch.



Our homes have been lit by electric light bulbs for only 90 years. A very clever American inventor named Thomas Edison made the type of electric light bulb we have in our homes today. You should remember the name of Edison.





This is a memory test. When you have read the story, turn to page 16 and try to answer the questions you will find there.

HERE is a happy picture of what life was like in France in 1787. It shows a scene on the road between Paris, the capital city of France, and Versailles, which is about ten miles away. Over the cobbled roads rumbled the coach carrying passengers out of the city into the countryside. As you can see, the coach was mostly made from wickerwork and was pulled by two horses, with the coachman riding on the back of one. This sort of coach was for ordinary people who could not afford a carriage of their own. You can see a rich person's carriage driving down the tree-lined road. It has two splendidly-dressed coachmen and probably belonged to a nobleman.

A soldier rides on top of the passenger-coach, returning to Versailles after a week-end's leave in Paris. He joins the others in waving to a group of farm-workers, who are just about to have their lunch. Even the dog on the front of the coach barks in reply as the farm-people wave and wish them a pleasant trip.

All this happened, in its friendly way, only two years before the start of the terrible trouble in France, called the French Revolution. By then the poorer people of the country were tired of having Louis the Fourteenth as their King. He and his Queen, Marie Antoinette, did not seem to care about the unhappiness of the poorer people, who had to pay all sorts of taxes, while the nobles often paid nothing to the government. On July 14, 1789, the citizens of Paris gathered together and attacked the city's prison. This prison was called The Bastille, and they attacked it so strongly that they captured it and burnt it to the ground. If you go to Paris on holiday, you can see the spot where the Bastille once stood. The French people think of July 14 as a day of celebration, and call it Bastille Day.

The French Revolution was a fight by the poor people against the King and the rich people—and in the end the poor people won.

They got rid of King Louis the Four-

teenth and Marie Antoinette, his Queen, and declared that France would become a Republic from then on. A Republic is a country that has no King or Queen to rule over it.

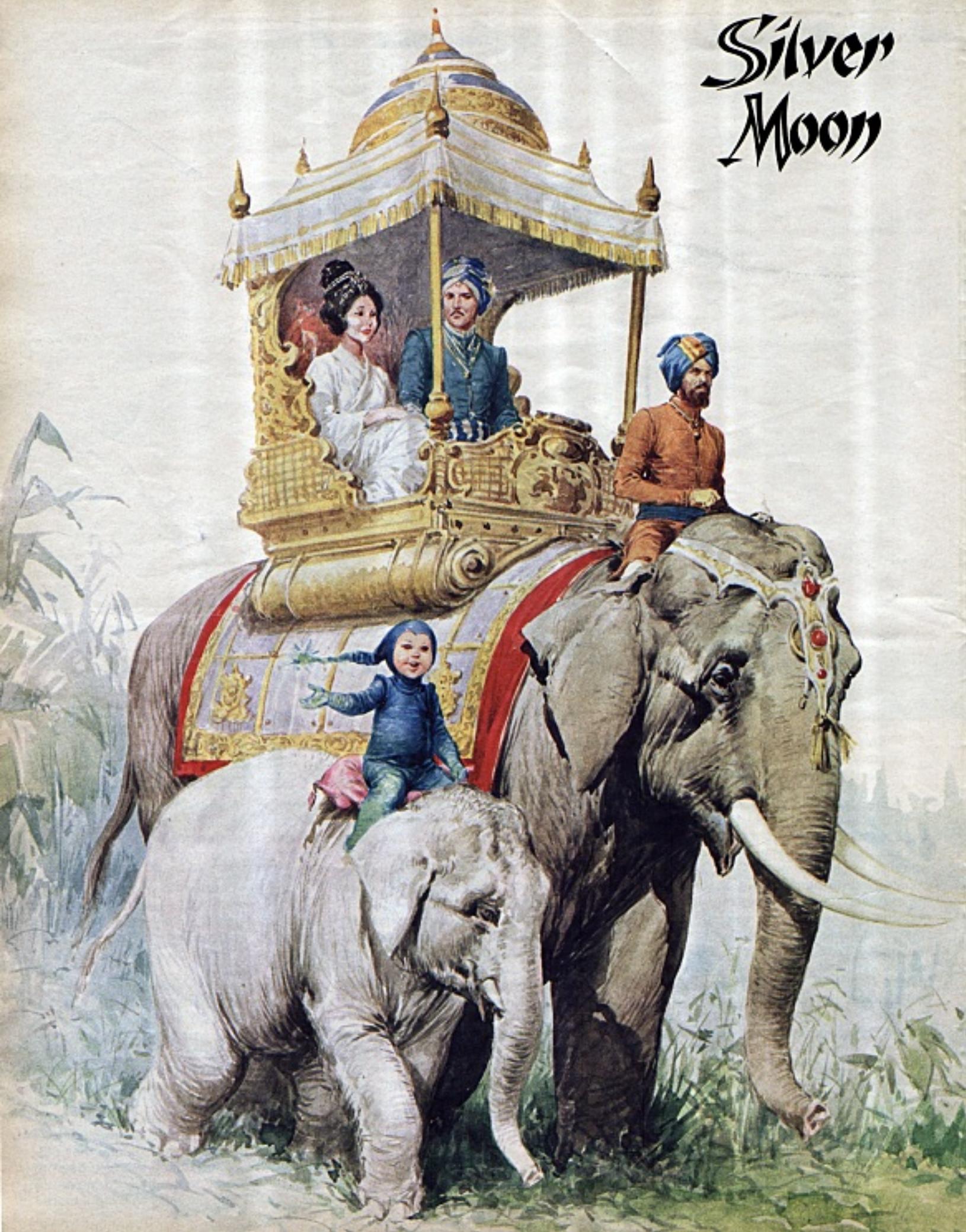
Louis the Fourteenth was the last King to rule France. There has not been one since, although Napoleon Bonaparte took charge of the country and gave himself the title of "Emperor of the French" in 1804.

The story of Napoleon Bonaparte is too long to be told here. He bravely led the soldiers of France and won many hard battles, until he lost to the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo.

That all happened many years ago and is now part of history. Today you can still travel by road from Paris to Versailles—on a motorway that gives a smooth, fast ride. It only takes about twenty minutes, but the people travelling on the old wickerwork coach taking a whole day on the journey had more time to wave to their friends and perhaps enjoyed it more.

In Old France

*Silver
Moon*



SILVER MOON, the beautiful Chinese Princess, was now happily quite cured of her strange illness—thanks to the clever magic of Pik and Pok, the little blue gnomes from the Moon.

In a splendid boat, made from a giant pearl-oyster shell, pulled by a pair of proud black swans with shiny red beaks, Silver Moon made the long journey from China to India.

"How wonderful it all is," she sighed. "I feel so alive and well, after years of not being able to sleep. I can hardly wait to meet again Prince Amon, who came to me and asked me to marry him, thus bringing about this magical cure."

When she arrived in India and came to a huge golden palace on the banks of the River Ganges, Silver Moon had her dearest wish granted, for there, waiting for her was Prince Amon himself.

The handsome young Prince greeted Silver Moon with great joy. "You are even lovelier than when I first saw you in my dreams, Silver Moon," he told her. "My father, King Banzibar, has agreed to our wedding and has prepared everything. The palace is decorated and there will be a great feast in which all the people of the Kingdom will join."

"Oh, how lovely," sighed Princess Silver Moon. "It will be a moment of great joy when I meet your father, King Banzibar. But there is just one thing that I must ask you—will there be a large number of guests?"

"Many hundreds," replied Prince Amon. "There will be as many as can be crammed into the palace."

"And will there be fireworks?" asked Silver Moon, her eyes shining at the thought of it. "In China we always have fireworks at celebrations."

"Yes—fireworks AND guests," Prince Amon said.

You can be very sure that there were two special guests at the wedding and can guess that their names were Pik and Pok. The two little magic-makers from the Moon were delighted with the success of their plan. It had all worked out so wonderfully well. They were so proud to attend the wedding as pages, and when they held up the train of Silver Moon's wedding dress, the bobbles of their hats sent out showers of sparkling Moon-dust, which looked like tiny coloured shooting stars.

After the wedding and the feast, Prince Amon and Princess Silver Moon set off to go and live in a palace of their own, halfway between India and China. They travelled on the back of a mighty elephant, with a canopy of gold cloth over their heads.

Beside the big elephant trotted a smaller one, with Pik seated on its back. His brother Pok had already hurried ahead to make sure that the Moon would be in a position to shine down upon the new palace,



which the Prince and Princess were to make their home.

And so it happened that when Prince Amon and Silver Moon reached their palace, the Moon rose over the mountains and shone down on them with its silver light.

They never actually saw Pik and Pok again, for the two blue gnomes went back to live on the Moon. But Prince Amon and Princess Silver Moon always felt that their little friends were watching over them from the sky—even on that one certain day in the month when the Moon is new and looks to us on Earth like a thin streak of light in the night sky.

When next you see the shining Moon at night, look at it carefully and think about the happiness it brought to Princess Silver Moon and Prince Amon. Then you will feel happy, too!

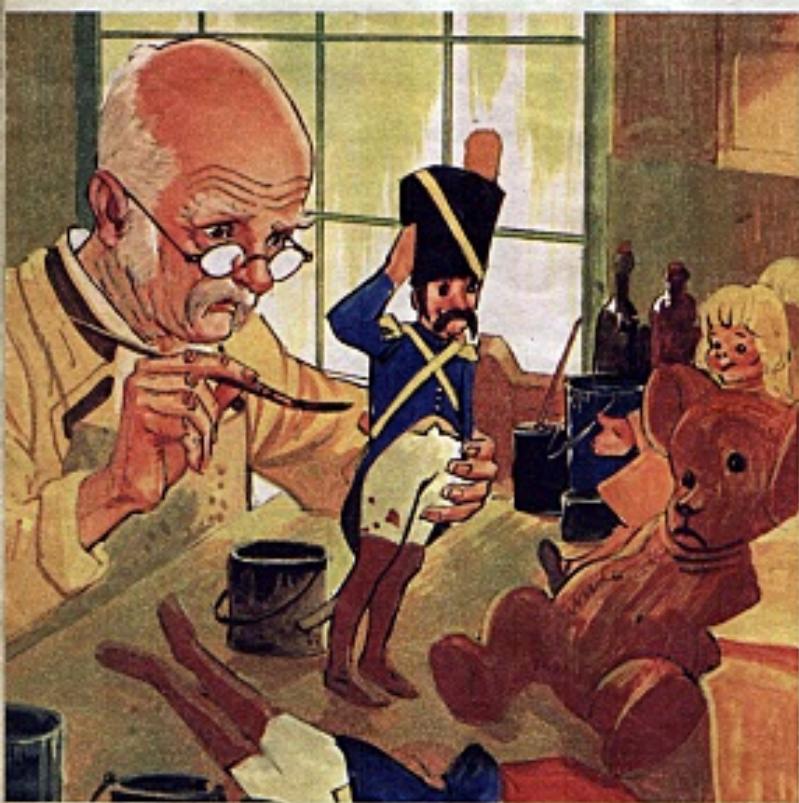


The Magic Toyshop



1. All his life old Gustaf the toymaker had been making toys, and all the little boys and girls who came to his shop said that he made the very finest toys in the land. The reason why Gustaf's toys were so fine was because he made them with love.

2. The jackets of Gustaf's toy soldiers were brighter than any others, the smiles of his fairy dolls were sweeter and his teddy-bears were cuddlier. And because of this Gustaf sold his toys to the children just as fast as he could make them.



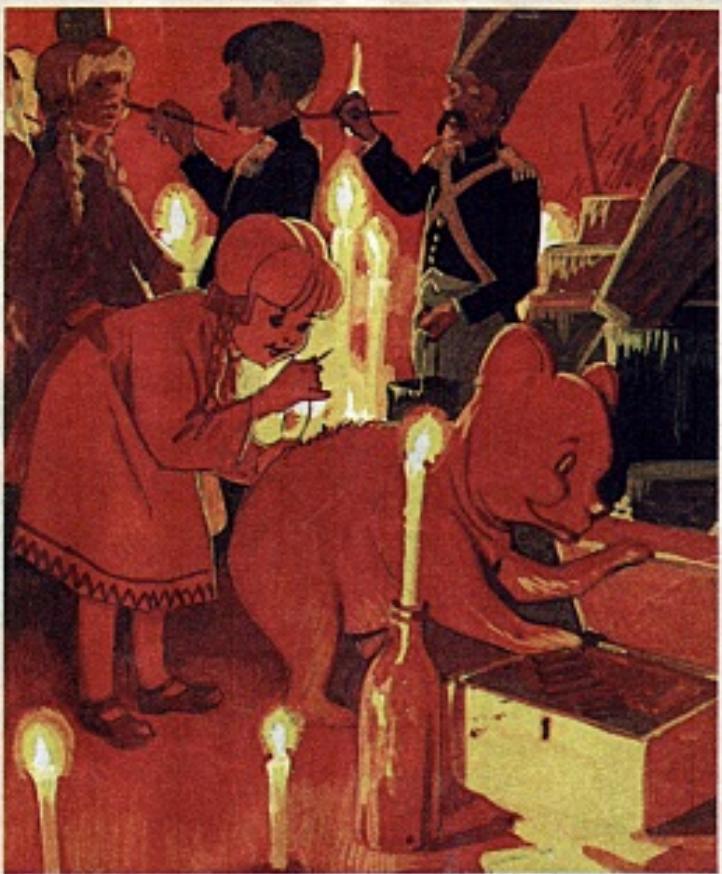
3. Yes, Gustaf loved the toys he made and his toys loved him. But as the years went by old Gustaf's eyes grew weaker. No longer was he able to paint such sweet smiles upon the faces of the dolls. No longer were his colours so bright or his stitches so neat.



4. Because he could no longer see so well the old toymaker could not realise that his toys were badly made. But fewer and fewer people came to his shop to buy. And because the toys he made so lovingly were no longer giving joy he was unhappy for the first time.



5. But the toys loved old Gustaf and love is something that can bring about wonderful things. Thus it was that late one night, long after Gustaf had locked up and gone to bed, a strange happening took place in the toy shop. The toys began to move.



6. Soon all was movement in the toy shop as every toy came to life. And what a busy scene it was. The wooden dolls stitched up the teddy-bears, and the toy soldiers repaired and re-painted everything that needed it. They even painted each other.



7. The next morning the toys were all back in their places and because his eyes were so poor the old toymaker did not notice anything different about them. But what he did notice was that once again people were coming into his shop to buy his toys.



8. And that is what happened from that day on. Each morning and afternoon the old toymaker would be busy making his toys and each night the toys would be just as busy, mending here and re-painting there. So once again the old toymaker's toys were the finest in the land.

Beautiful Paintings

Taken from a reproduction distributed by Felix Rosevear's Widow and Son

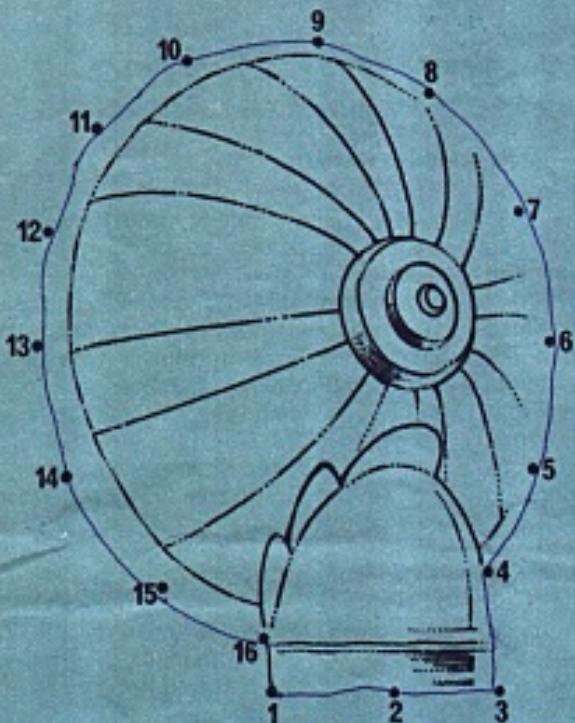
Not so many years ago, steam engines pulled the passenger and goods trains in Great Britain, and other countries of the world. Then electric and diesel engines began to be used more and more. The great "steam giants" were gradually taken out of service, and most of them were broken up for scrap metal. Many people, who were very fond of the hissing, roaring steam engines, were sad about this.

One of them is famous artist Terence Cuneo, who painted this beautiful picture. It shows two steam engines at Tulseley, in Birmingham. These are being kept for people to see. The maroon-coloured one, of the "Silver Jubilee" class, ran on the old London, Midland and Scottish Railway. The green one, a "Castle" class engine, is in the colours of the Great Western Railway.

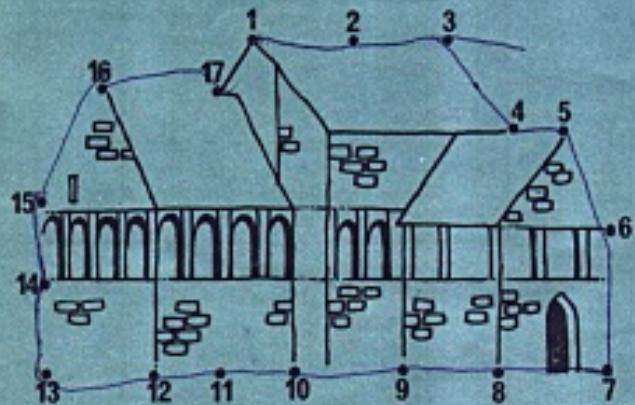


KING HAROLD

King Harold is best remembered for the battle he and his troops fought against Duke William of Normandy, who invaded England from France on October 14, 1066. The Battle of Hastings, as it is known today, was actually fought at Senlac, about six miles away. In the battle, which the English lost, King Harold was killed.



If you join the dots of this puzzle picture from number 1 to 16, you will find you have drawn a shield and helmet, of the kind used and worn by King Harold's Saxon soldiers.



By joining the dots from number 1 to 17, as carefully as you can, you will draw a Saxon church.





The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse

This week Stephanie discovers the Old Grange. By Barbara Hayes.

NOW children, if you read the story about the mice last week, you will remember that Nigel took Stephanie for a trip on the river, and it ended with them both falling in and getting their clothes wet.

We left them on the river bank, with Stephanie feeling very cross indeed.

But as luck would have it, Nigel and Stephanie had only been on the river bank for a moment or two when who should come rowing by, but Winifred, the country mouse, and her boy-friend, Bertie.

Winifred could scarcely believe her eyes, when she saw the bedraggled figure of her smart cousin Stephanie on the river bank.

"Why look, Bertie," she gasped, "isn't that our Stephanie?"

Bertie looked and he was astonished.

"Yes, so it is!" he said, "and doesn't she look a mess, not at all her usual smart self."

Just then Nigel, who was feeling very upset at the way he had spoiled the afternoon out, saw Winifred and Bertie in their rowing boat.

Nigel was pleased.

"What luck I!" he gasped. "Cheer up, Stevie old thing. Look! There is your cousin. She will be able to take us home and give us a change of clothes."

"Nigel," grated out Stephanie in her angriest voice, "if you think that I am going to be pleased about seeing Winifred at this moment, you must be out of your tiny mind. I don't want Winifred to see me when I look a mess like this. And as for going home with her and changing into some of her dowdy country clothes, you can forget it."

"And don't think that I will allow you to change into any of Bertie's clothes either. They would make you look a real country bumpkin. You will just have to shiver."

But by this time Winifred and Bertie had landed and were talking to Stephanie and Nigel.

"However did this happen, Stephanie?" asked kind Winifred. "And would you like a nice cup of tea from the picnic bag Bertie and I have brought with us?"

"Oh that's all I needed!" grumbled Stephanie, who was in a really bad mood. "Being drenched through is bad enough, but now you want to pour one of your wretched cups of tea down my throat. Whenever anything unfortunate happens, you always think you can put it right with a cup of tea."

But kind-hearted Winifred poured out cups of tea anyway and all the mice, including Stephanie, were very glad to drink them. The tea made them feel much warmer and more cheery.

Nigel explained that they were supposed to be entering for a competition to find the prettiest lady in a punt.

"The competition was to be held at the Old Grange," he went on, "but we can't see a sign of anyone else going in for the competition."

When Bertie heard that he pricked up his ears.

It wasn't often that he got the chance to seem cleverer than Nigel.

"Ah well—you're wrong there, Nigel lad," he said. "When I was rowing up the river last week I saw a poster about that competition—and it isn't this Saturday, it's next Saturday. And it isn't at the Old Grange. It's at the Old Orange. You know, that swanky hotel up the river at the other end of town. Ha! Ha! Nigel lad, you'd better go and get your eyes tested, if you're starting to make mistakes like that."

Nigel felt very foolish and Stephanie felt crosser than ever.

"It's his brains that need testing, not his eyes," she said, glaring at Nigel.

But then, as she looked across at Nigel, she happened to look over his shoulder, too, and across the fields she saw a beautiful old country mansion.

"Why, what a lovely house," she said. "I suppose that is the Old Grange you

have all been babbling about."

Stephanie stood up to have a better look.

"What a splendid house," she said. "The people who live there must have lovely clothes. I wonder if they would mind lending some to me and Nigel, so that we can change out of these wet things."

Winifred looked shocked.

"The Old Grange is too grand for the likes of us to go knocking at the door," she said.

"Nonsense!" replied Stephanie and gathering her wet skirts about her, she set off across the fields towards the Old Grange, and after a moment Winifred and Nigel and Bertie followed her.

Next week you can read about what happened at the Old Grange.

Here are the questions about the story on page 9 this week. Try to answer them. You can re-read the story and see if your answers were the right ones.

1. How far from Paris is Versailles?
2. What was the name of the King of France just before the French Revolution?
3. What was the name of his Queen?
4. Can you give the date when the people attacked the prison in Paris?
5. What was the name of the prison?

Your Editor's Letter

Hello Boys and Girls,

I know from the many letters that come into this office that you all seem to enjoy the stories of the town mice, Stephanie and Nigel, and the country mice, Winifred and Bertie. They do seem to get up to some funny antics each week, don't they? Do you like the pictures drawn by our artist? His name is Philip Mendoza, and I think he does them very well, don't you?

Goodbye for now,

Your friend, The Editor.



JACK AND THE BEANSTALK



1. Jack's mother was so cross with him for selling their cow for five beans that she flung the beans out of the house. But the following morning Jack found a mighty beanstalk growing outside his bedroom window.



2. "I've never seen such a beanstalk!" cried Jack in wonder. "It's so tall it seems to poke a hole in the sky. I must find out what is at the top." And Jack began to climb up the stalk of the mighty bean plant, using the stems of the leaves to stand on.



3. Higher and higher Jack climbed, until at last he reached the sky. By the side of a broad road was a strange shimmering light. "That light," thought Jack, "It looks almost like a fairy."



4. IT WAS a fairy. "At the end of this road there dwells a wicked giant," she said in a voice like the tinkling of a tiny bell. "It was he who robbed your father and made him poor."



5. Next moment the fairy was gone and Jack was left wondering whether he had really seen her at all. Still thinking on this strange happening he stepped out along the road until a huge house came into view. It had the tallest entrance Jack had ever seen.



6. Standing outside was a woman giant. "Good morning, Ma'am," said hungry Jack. "Would you be kind enough to give me some breakfast, please?" "Breakfast indeed!" snorted the enormous woman. "If you want to stay alive you'd better move on."



7. But although the giant's wife looked very fierce she had a kind heart. "Come on, I will give you some food," she said, and led him into the kitchen. "But be as quick as you can," she said, putting some food before him. "My husband mustn't catch you here."



8. Jack had hardly begun to eat when there was the *thump! thump! thump!* of heavy footsteps. "It's my husband," gasped the frightened woman. "He has come back sooner than I thought. If he finds you here he'll eat you up. What are we going to do?"

What will happen now? Can Jack escape from the giant?



The WISE OLD OWL

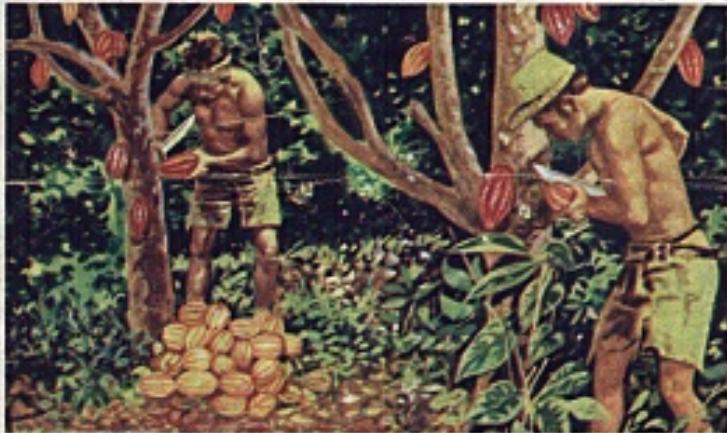
Knows all the answers



The Wise Old Owl knows the answers to some interesting questions that are often asked.

1. Is it true that a caterpillar turns into a butterfly?

"Yes. Most insects hatch from eggs as maggots or caterpillars (which are really the same thing) and these spend their time feeding and growing bigger and fatter. Many of them live on leaves of plants. Caterpillars of butterflies can do a lot of damage to a farmer's crops before they spin themselves into a silk cocoon. Inside the cocoon, the caterpillar changes in a wonderful way and when the cocoon splits open, a lovely butterfly will come out and fly away."



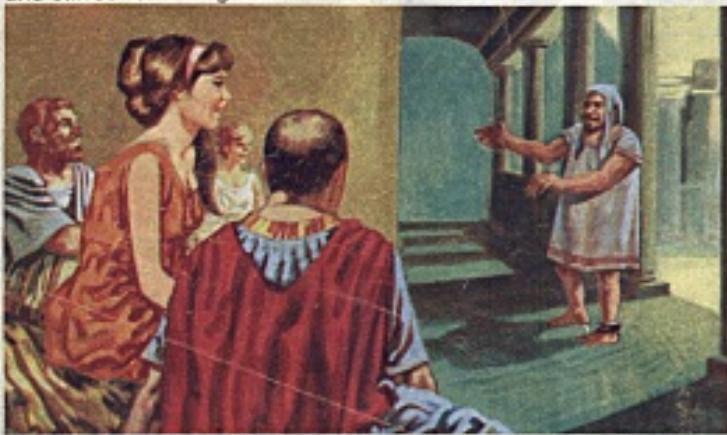
2. Where does chocolate come from?

"Chocolate grows as beans inside big, colourful pods on cacao trees (say 'cak-ay-oh') in hot countries like Africa and the West Indies. The beans are collected, then roasted in special ovens and crushed to a paste. For milk chocolate, milk and sugar are added and stirred for a long time."



3. How is olive oil made?

"Olive oil comes from the fruit of trees, which have been grown by men for thousands of years, in countries around the Mediterranean Sea. The little round olive fruits are squeezed to get the oil, which is used in many ways, such as cooking and making soap. The olive branch is a well-known sign for peace."



4. What are Aesop's Fables?

"Aesop's Fables are little stories in which animals talk and do things just like human beings. Aesop was a slave who lived in Greece more than two thousand years ago. His master so liked his amusing stories that he set him free."



5. Is there a "Man in the Moon"?

"When the Moon is big and bright, lots of marks can be seen on it. Some people say that they are in the shape of a man carrying a bundle of sticks. To others they look more like a smiling face. In fact they are shadows of the Moon mountains."